National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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MILITARY MEMOIRS.

Gen. Buell's Chase After Bragg from Louisville.

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

McCook Fights Alone, Within Cannon-shot of Buell's Tent.

A SOLDIER'S AMBITION.

How McCook Aspired to Sit in Buell's Saddle.

BY BREVET MAJ.-GEN. WM. P. CARLIN, COLONEL 4TH U. S. INF.
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VII.

It was about the 1st of October that Buell's army was put in motion from Louisville towards Bragg's army, which was then occupying the country about Frankfort, Bardstown, and near Perryville. He in person was at Frankfort performing the farce of inaugurating a rebel Governor of Kentucky—a Mr. Hawes—at

THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.

There was much clamor during and after reconstruction times about the presence of United States troops at Southern State capitals and at the polls; but I believe the inauguration of Mr. Hawes at Frankfort by Gen. Bragg was the first instance in the war, or during the existence of the United States, where the inauguration of a Governor was a purely military proceeding.

Before leaving Louisville Buell had organized his army into corps. Maj.-Gen. A. McD. McCook commanded one corps, Maj.-Gen. T. L. Crittenden one corps. C. C. Gilbert was assigned to the command of the Eighteenth Corps, to which Davis's Division, commanded then by Brig.-Gen. R. B. Mitchell, was assigned. My brigade was still in his division, and consisted of the 21st and 38th Ill., 15th Wis., 101st Ohio, and the 2d Minn. battery. The 101st Ohio at this time numbered nearly 1,000 men — raw, utterly inexperienced young fellows just from their homes in Ohio, but excellent material for soldiers, which they became during the next three months,—at least, those that remained with the regiment. The other three regiments I regarded as veterans, though none of them had ever suffered loss in battle. We had been marching and campaigning in search of the enemy for nearly a year and had met him face to face only at Fredericktown, Mo., and in the little skirmish at Doniphan. The sudden retreat of Beauregard from Corinth and the avoidance of battle near Mumfordsville, where battle seemed imminent, had rendered officers and men (myself not excepted) impatient to see some real fighting.

I omitted above to attach any title to Gen. Gilbert's name, because it soon appeared that the question of his actual rank was an abstruse problem that was difficult to solve. Gen. Buell's order of assignment designated him as Major-General, and as such he was obeyed and respected accordingly. He commanded the Eighteenth Corps for about two weeks as Major-General, including one battle, before any question was raised in the army about his rank. It seems strange that so intelligent and law-respecting an officer as Buell should not have taken steps to ascertain what his rank actually was before assigning him to the command of a corps. It turned out afterwards that the only authority for Gilbert's claiming to be a Major-General was an order from Gen. H. G. Wright, commanding the Department of Ohio, designating him as Provisional Major-General. President Lincoln very properly refused to recognize this appointment, but consented to nominate him as a Brigadier-General. Even this nomination the Senate refused to confirm, and after holding it for some months and commanding a brigade under this nomination, he was compelled to return to his rank as Captain or Major in the Regular Army. But he commanded the Eighteenth Corps, all the same, as Major-General, and many Brigadier-Generals obeyed his orders and served faithfully under him during the campaign and through the battle of Perryville on the 8th of October. Among them was Brig.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, now Lieutenant-General commanding the U. S. Army.

The march southward was slow and tedious, the weather being still warm and the country very dry. There was nothing attractive in the country till we had passed Perryville and entered the Blue Grass region. It was on a pleasant afternoon on the 7th of October that Gilbert's Corps arrived at a point about one and a half miles north of Perryville. There had been some skirmishing during the day between the cavalry of Capt. Ebenezer Gay, of Buell's army, and the rebel rear-guard, and occasional cannonading between them, which reminded us that we were

APPROACHING AN ENEMY.

On the right of the road at the point described above was a ridge with rather abrupt sides on the east. Gen. Buell and staff had ridden to the top of the ridge and halted. They dismounted, and I was ordered to place my brigade on the ridge facing southward, about 60 yards in rear of Buell and his staff. Having here placed my brigade in bivouac, I approached the staff, and entered into conversation with Col. Fry, Col. Loder, and Lieut. Fitz-Hugh. Col. Fry remarked to me: "Well, Carlin, to-morrow you will have all the fighting you want." This remark referred evidently to my question at Mumfordsville, when I asked why Buell didn't fight there. Gen. Buell was viewing the country to the south, which his position then overlooked, through a telescope, and scanned it long and carefully, sweeping it around from west to east through a semi-circle, and taking in the whole field. I supposed from his careful observation that Bragg's army occupied the field he was scanning, but I could see nothing but the woods and open fields that were in the lower lands along the creek or stream lying just north of Perryville, and the highlands beyond that place. The town itself I could not see. To the southwest the land fell off, as well as to the southeast, as if we occupied the high land bordering the valley of a stream. Suddenly Buell lowered his telescope and turned around and addressed me this question: "Have you confidence in your troops?" Without hesitation I replied: "Yes, General; I will trust them anywhere." Nothing more was said. The impression on my mind was that my opportunity had come at last when I could lead my brave regiments against the enemy and justify the great confidence I had in them. Before night fell I took a long walk to the southwest in search of water, but found hardly enough to afford a drink for a horse. I had understood that Thomas, with Crittenden's Corps, had marched some miles to the southwest of my position in search of water for a camp. The morning of the 8th of October was marked by a bright sun and hazy atmosphere. Away off to our left we could see the head of McCook's column approaching Chaplin's Creek. My position was so commanding that from it we could see over the lower ground in that direction for two miles, and I knew that McCook was approaching Perryville on a road running somewhat southwesterly to Perryville. Some artillery firing began perhaps as early as 9 o'clock, near Chaplin's Creek. No orders had come to me to be prepared to move into battle, and it seemed strange in view of Fry's remark and Buell's question the day before. It was about 10 o'clock a. m. when the cannonading became quite heavy. Soon afterwards musketry firing began, and from that time on for several hours each minute seemed to increase the uproar. Up to that time I had not heard such continued firing of artillery or such incessant volleys of musketry. We could see the smoke of the battle in and through the woods and at the outer edges, but could not see the lines of troops actually engaged. But all the signs and proofs of

TERRIFIC FIGHTING

were visible to us on that high ridge, where both sight and hearing were unobstructed by other ridges or obstacles to the passage of sound or light. Yet no orders came for us go in. I saw Gen. Mitchell, my division commander, several times, and asked him to send my brigade into action. He replied that he had spoken to Gen. Gilbert about it, and was told by him that he could not move his troops without orders from Gen. Buell. It was all a mystery to me. Mitchell was eager to take a part in the battle also, and desired particularly to put my brigade into it. McCook had sent several times to Gilbert for re-enforcements, but at first I understood they were refused for the same reason—that he (Gilbert) had no orders from Buell. But finally a brigade of our division, Goodin's, was sent over to McCook's support, and Hotchkiss's battery, or part of it, from my brigade, accompanied it. This brigade was pretty badly cut up in a short time, as it was rushed into the conflict without knowing well where it was going. Finally, about half-past 3 o'clock p. m., Mitchell came to me and told me he had orders from Gilbert for me to go into the action at once. Before this time Sheridan's Division had been placed in line to the right of McCook, apparently to hold the ground and prevent the advance of the enemy towards McCook's right. What Sheridan's instructions were I do not know, but his line was skirmishing briskly with the enemy when I was ordered forward. In order to get a good position I marched my brigade by flank through a gap in Sheridan's line, and then formed the 38th and 21st Ill. in line, and left the 101st Ohio and 15th Wis. in column marching by the flank. On the right of the line formed by the 21st and 38th Ill. was Hotchkiss's 2d Minn. battery. We had no sooner formed line than the rebels in our front were faced about and marched leisurely to the rear at right shoulder arms. But they had a battery that fired at us incessantly. To draw that fire away from the infantry I directed Hotchkiss's battery to advance with the infantry line and seize every opportunity to open fire on the opposing battery. The infantry and the battery advanced steadily without halting, except when the battery came to a convenient knoll or ridge it unlimbered and opened fire on the rebel battery, which continued to recede until it had passed through the town of Perryville and taken position on the high ground beyond, where it continued its fire for some time after dark.

During this advance it became so dark that it was difficult to see what was in front or on either flank, but I continued the advance till we reached the garden stone fences on the north side of Perryville, where my line was halted. I threw out a strong picket to the left of my line, which reached a road running from the town back northeasterly to the main rebel army, which had fought McCook all day. This picket there captured two or more caissons belonging to the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, with an escort of nearly 100 men. The caissons were loaded with ammunition, and were going to their front, which was to our rear and left. Several Surgeons were with these caissons and escort. The prisoners were all sent to the rear, and reported to Gen. Buell. Soon afterwards an order was received from Gen. Buell directing me to return the horses and arms taken from these Surgeons. It was now so dark that we could see the camp-fires of the rebels to our rear and left, and their men walking to and fro along their line, and could hear their talk. Some of my officers and men went down into the town to a spring under a house, and there found rebel soldiers getting water from the same spring. After I had passed the rebel line and saw myself far in his rear, I longed to wheel my brigade to the left and sweep up his line, then in their bivouac and apparently unconscious of danger. How I longed for two or three thousand more men! I felt perfectly sure that if I could have had 5,000 men at that point I could have wheeled to the left and taken the main body of Bragg's army then on the field on the left flank and rear, and could have driven it up against the Dodd's Fork, the high, steep bluffs of which they could not easily have crossed, and could have

CAPTURED THEM ALL.

That was a great disappointment to me—not to have that opportunity. About 9 o'clock that night Gen. Mitchell came to me and ordered me to return towards my former position about a mile and to remain there till morning, which was done at once, without opposition from the enemy. During the night I received orders, through Capt. J. Edward Stacey, of Gen. Gilbert's staff, to be ready to advance against the enemy the next morning at 7 o'clock. The hour came, but no further orders. Now and then a bullet would drop near me, but whence it came I could not tell. About 10 o'clock a long line of rebel cavalry was seen on the hights south of Perryville moving southeastwardly; still no orders to advance reached me; but about 11 o'clock I was ordered to move to my left, and we passed over ground occupied by the rebel line of battle on the previous day and saw the dead of both armies,—the Federals in line as they fell.

At one point we marched by a line of muskets lying on the ground in a straight line, as if the troops (Confederates) to which they belonged had formally thrown them down to an enemy. How they happened to be abandoned there I never learned. About a mile from my bivouac of the night before we found the rebel hospital, with their wounded, abandoned on the field. We moved on in the direction of Harrodsburg, and to within about four miles of that place, as well as I remember, apparently trying to beat up Bragg's army in the fields or woods of that region. But we couldn't find them or even hear of them. The people there seemed utterly astonished when asked if Bragg's army was lying around in their neighborhood. They hadn't seen or heard anything of it. But a few days afterwards my brigade began to think we had got on a hot trail, and came close enough to produce considerable sickness and fatigue among many of the new troops that had joined the army at Louisville, causing them to fall out of ranks in large numbers. It was in the vicinity of Lancaster that we had some skirmishing with rebel cavalry, said to be John Morgan's. They held us back more than seemed reasonable; there was lively duelling between batteries, and lively skirmishing—the cavalry dismounted and fighting, apparently, for every inch of ground, but constantly giving way before us. It was at Lancaster that the rebel cavalry disappeared from our front entirely, and was not seen or heard of again on that campaign. They had followed Bragg to Crab Orchard, and out of Kentucky. Buell's army, after he had learned certainly that Bragg was escaping from the State, was headed toward Crab Orchard, and marched vigorously to that point. A divison, under Gen. W. Sooy Smith, was beyond Crab Orchard, on the road toward Cumberland Gap. But it was too late to attempt to overtake Bragg or to intercept his march to Eastern Tennessee. The result of the battle at Perryville was not quite so great a disappointment to me as the evacuation of Corinth without any fight at all; but still it was a disappointment. I have read about all that has been published on the history of this battle, and especially Gen. Fry's book on Buell's campaign, and I believe I understand how it happened that Buell did not concentrate his army on the 7th and attack Bragg on the 8th. Gen. Buell's headquarters were in a hollow; the sound from McCook's battle passed over the ridges on either side of his headquarters without being distinctly heard there. He had been thrown from his horse the day before and was stunned, being compelled, consequently, to keep to his tent. Thomas had gone far from the point where he was needed, in order to find water for his troops. McCook had brought on the fight under the plea of getting water for his troops, and had neglected to notify Buell that he was engaged in a

LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE.

He sent to Gilbert for re-enforcements, but not to Buell. Finally, when he was thoroughly used up, he reported the situation to Buell. It was, perhaps, too late then to make new disposition for battle. But, as I looked at it then, if Gilbert's entire corps had been wheeled to the left and attacked the enemy in front of McCook, after the latter was beaten, Bragg's army—at least, all that was on that field—would have been thoroughly routed, and probably captured.

It is not intended as a reflection on Gen. McCook to say that at that time some of his friends desired to see him elevated to the command of the Army of the Ohio, and it was pretty evident that nothing but a victory of that army under Buell's command could save the latter from supersedure. It is not going beyond the probabilities of the situation to say that McCook's ambition accorded with this view of his friends. It is probable that these influences account for the battle of Perryville on the 8th of October, 1862, which was fought without Buell's knowledge, though within cannon shot of his headquarters.

The hostility to Gen. Buell was growing rapidly, and it required a great victory to turn the tide that was swelling up against him. I do not intimate that this hostility was just or well founded. But it was fostered by leading Governors and politicians of the Northwestern States. McCook was the most conspicuous of the many brothers and cousins of that name who entered the service from Ohio with high rank. His brother, George W., was an intimate associate of Secretary Stanton and a prominent politician. He visited the army immediately after the battle of Perryville, and that change of command of the Army of the Ohio was certainly hinted at during that visit.

The failure of McCook to notify Buell of the state of affairs was certainly inconsiderate toward Buell. But, in the light of many campaigns and battles since that of Perryville, I was never able to understand why Buell did not find out in some other way that a fight was in progress near his person that might defeat his own plans, and might have resulted in general disaster to his army. Believing always in the pure integrity, patriotism and ability of Buell as a commander, I still have never been able to satisfy my own mind for the mistake he made on that 8th of October, 1862, which consisted chiefly in not watching his corps commanders through his staff, and thus preventing any partial engagement that might inure to the glory of one subordinate at the expense of the commander, of the army, and of the country. There is hardly a doubt that if McCook had been entirely successful in his fight he would have been appointed Buell's successor without loss of time. Taking all things together, it may be said that Gilbert, who was not a General at all, commanded his corps quite as well as any corps commander who was a real Major-General, and, in my opinion, was right in refusing to move without orders from Buell.

[*To be continued.*]

FREEDOM'S KNIGHT,

Who Fought for Liberty in Many Lands.

MAJ. ERNST F. HOFFMANN,

Chief Engineer of the Eleventh Army Corps.

A ROMANTIC CAREER

In Europe, Africa, and America.

BY J. H. WILSON, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

Among the long list of distinguished foreigners who cast their lot with us on the side of freedom during the great rebellion there were many with higher rank and much more pretentious title, but not one who brought to us greater accomplishments, wider experience, or a more unselfish and loving devotion to our cause than did Maj. Ernst F. Hoffmann, Chief Engineer of the Eleventh Corps. While the earlier years of his life were full of romance and military adventure, the later were devoted to the laborious and conscientious work of a civil engineer in the service of the Government. He was generous, chivalric, unselfish, enterprising, and intelligent. Above all, he was loyal to the highest ideal of manhood. His modesty was equal to that of a girl; his courage, to that of a paladin. Never for a moment laying aside the punctilious and scrupulous politeness of the school in which he was educated, he was ready for every duty, no matter when it came; and he was prompt and practical to a degree that no American could surpass. Simple minded as a child, he was shrewd, far-sighted and prudent in the performance of every duty. With a vast fund of learning, he was a bold and resolute soldier, a profound mathematician, an excellent surveyor, an accomplished and discriminating musician, an experienced civil and military engineer. It is quite within bounds to add that everywhere, and at all times,

"He was a verrey perfight gentil knight."

He came to this country in 1862 with letters to Mr. Lincoln from the Hon. George P. Marsh, at that time, and for many years afterwards, Minister to Italy, and immediately thereafter was appointed an additional Aid-de-Camp with the rank of Major. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Marsh through their common love of letters while still a Major of Engineers in the Italian army. The history of how he gained that rank is full of

ROMANTIC INTEREST.

Meeting Mr. Marsh one day in Florence they fell into conversation in regard to the civil war which had just broken out in America. The Major's interest became greatly aroused, and feeling that the cause of the Government was the cause of freedom to the enslaved, he said: "I, too, am a patriot, and I am deeply interested in what you say; I am a bachelor; I have no family ties in this country. Italy is unified and free, and I have done my part to make her so. Why should I not now go to America and help your Government to suppress the rebellion, re-establish the union of States, and give liberty to the poor slaves?" The Minister, impressed by his generous enthusiasm, replied: "Why not, indeed?" and the Major without hesitation said: "I will go." Thereupon and without delay he resigned his position in the Italian army, and with the credentials furnished him by Mr. Marsh and Gen. de la Marmora, on whose staff he was then serving, he at once set out for New York.

FAMILY AND BIRTH.

He was the son of Lieut.-Gen. Hoffmann, of the Prussian army, and was born at Breslau, in Silesia, on the 20th day of June, 1826. He entered the Military School of Berlin at the age of 14, and, being unusually bright and studious, graduated at the age of 20 years. He was at once (1846) appointed a Second-Lieutenant of Engineers, and served with his corps till May 5, 1848, when he was assigned to the Fifth Division of Pioneers, with which he remained till the 8th of July, 1850, when he was transferred, as First Lieutenant, to the Third Division of the same corps. In the Spring of this year the King of Prussia decorated him with the Red Eagle Medal of Honor for brave and efficient service in breaking up an ice-gorge at Neusatz on the Oder. In the year 1851 he was assigned to duty at the fortifications of Silberberg, and in 1853 on those at Dantzig. While at the latter place he received the Memorial Medal for actual combatants. During the course of his service, while still young, ardent and more than usually romantic,

HE FELL IN LOVE,

and, doubtless, pressed his suit with all the fire and determination of a manly and honest nature; but in the full tide of successful love his sweetheart died, and this was more than the young Lieutenant could bear. He felt that the daylight had gone out of his life, and in the midst of his disappointment both his mother and sister also died. His desolation was complete. He poured forth his soul in a novel, which attracted great attention at the time for its impassioned and touching eloquence. And then, tiring of his duties, and finding neither forgetfulness nor consolation in them, he resigned from the army, and—by the help of his father, who gave him both money and letters—traveled for awhile in Switzerland and Italy. With him, as with all the sons of men, time blunted the edge of suffering, and he became interested again in the affairs of his day. What Kinglake describes in his wonderful history of

THE CRIMEAN WAR

as "The Mystery of the Holy Shrines" was at that epoch profoundly moving the hearts of men throughout Europe. The young soldier's imagination was fired, and when war became imminent he set out for England, again carrying letters from his father to an old military friend, through whose intercession, backed by his own excellent military credentials, he was appointed a Lieutenant in the Rifle Battalion of the British Foreign Legion, and on the same date was gazetted Captain and Depot-Adjutant at Heligoland, and held this commission till Feb. 26, 1856. During his service with the Legion he also held the office of Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General on the staff of Gen. Baron von Stutterheim. He accompanied the Legion to the seat of war in the Crimea, where he did his full share of duty and underwent his full share of hardship and exposure; from the effects of which he fell sick and lay in hospital at Scutari for several months.

After the war was ended, he accompanied the Legion to the Cape of Good Hope, where he distinguished himself in several campaigns against the Zulu-Kaffirs. He made two voyages from the Cape to England and back with dispatches for the Governor, Sir Geo. Gray. During one of these he stopped at St. Helena, which to him, as to all soldiers, was an interesting spot. During the latter part of his service at the Cape he was Adjutant to the Commanding General.

He returned to England in November, 1857, was disbanded with the Legion, and went back to Berlin on a visit. Shortly after arriving at home it became known that Garibaldi was making arrangements for the invasion of Southern Italy, and Hoffmann hastened to volunteer. He joined the

STAFF OF GARIBALDI,

and served with him in all the wonderful events from the first landing in Sicily till the Garibaldians were absorbed into the armies of united Italy under Victor Emmanuel. He was conspicuous for courage, enterprise and industry throughout the campaign, and was finally decorated for gallant and distinguished services at the siege of Gaeta. As an additional reward he received a pension of 500 lire per year, and the appointment of Major of Engineers in the Regular Army of Italy. He was serving as such at the outbreak of the civil war in America.

Immediately after receiving his commission from President Lincoln he was attached to the staff of Gen. Blenker, then commanding a division in front of Washington. He served in turn with Gens. Schurz and Sigel, and finally with Gen. Howard as Chief Engineer of the Eleventh Corps. As such he participated in all the fortunes of that Corps and the Generals who led it, winning from them all confidence, respect and the highest consideration. He was untiring and unceasing in his attention to duty, frank and manly in his suggestions, and even in his criticisms, and yet always loyal and true to his commanding officer and his profession. On the march from Chattanooga to Knoxville

I FIRST MET HIM

at the crossing of the Hiwassee River in East Tennessee, where the rebels had destroyed the bridge, and which it was necessary to rebuild before the corps could continue its march towards Knoxville. It was a dark night, but I was struck at once by the prompt, skillful and orderly way in which the Major made his dispositions and pushed his work to completion. I saw that although a foreigner, he was as practical as any Yankee, thoroughly understood his business, and knew exactly how to handle his men. The bridge was rebuilt of improvised material in a few hours, and long before daylight was ready for the troops. From that time to the date of his death I knew him intimately, and entertained for him the warmest friendship and respect.

Shortly after the end of the war I was detailed to take charge of the improvements of the Rock Island and Des Moines Rapids of the Mississippi River, and, amongst others, employed Maj. Hoffmann, who had been mustered out with the rest of the army, as one of my principal civil engineer assistants. He went with me to Davenport and Keokuk, and rendered services of the greatest value in the surveys and works which were carried on under my charge. On the reorganization of the Army, and upon my recommendation, he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the 35th U. S. Inf., and held that rank till 1871, when he

DECIDED TO RESIGN,

with a year's pay, to accept a better salary as a civil engineer. During his connection with the Rock Island Rapids improvement he invented and perfected an automatic sounding apparatus, by which the work of sounding and mapping the rapids was done a hundredfold more rapidly and accurately than any similar work was ever done before. This apparatus was patented and exhibited at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and attracted much attention from engineers and surveyors. It was highly ingenious, accurate and rapid, and, in connection with instruments and observers on the shore, greatly facilitated the surveys in hand. During the last two years of his life he was engaged in simplifying and improving his machinery and the methods of using it. After the works at the Upper Rapids were begun the Major was principal assistant in charge, and continued as such under the administrations of Col. Macomb, Col. Farquhar and Maj. Mackenzie up to the day of his death. It is but faint praise to say that he showed himself to be

INCORRUPTIBLY HONEST,

as well as most faithful and untiring in his devotion to duty. His accuracy as a computer was phenomenal, while his skill as an engineer and surveyor was the admiration of all who knew him. During his residence at Davenport he met and married Miss Stibolt, the daughter of the learned and distinguished editor of *Der Demokrat*. His kind and gentle solicitude for her happiness, as well as for that of her sisters, marked him as a model husband and brother. His modest home was the abode of peace and contentment; his unaffected love for literature and music lent it a rare charm to all whose good fortune brought them within its doors. The great authors and musicians of all ages were his friends and constant companions. His excellent taste, his varied experience and his well-stored memory, combined with his keen sense of humor, gave to his conversation an inimitable flavor and raciness. While engaged in remeasuring some work for which an improper allowance had been made to the contractors, he came to me one day and said: "General, I do not say that John Brown is a thief, for that would be objectionable; I don't say that John Jones is a thief, for that would be the same; neither do I say that Robert Robinson or William Jackson, or William Jackson's son is a thief. But I do say, if you will carry the five of them to the top of a high mountain and bind them all firmly together, face to face, and then roll them down the side of that mountain, there will be a thief on top all the time!" He did not believe in the dogmas of the church.

HIS ONLY RELIGION

was to do good and injure no man, to love his friends and do all in his power to make those about him happy. He had no faith in a Life after death, but believed that his only chance of happiness was in this world, and not in the next; that his only hope beyond the grave was for the unconscious but blissful repose of Nirvana. His life was pure and unselfish, and full of kind words and brave deeds. His mind was the abode of none but noble thoughts; his whole life was ruled by gentle courtesy and the unshakable uprightness of a noble soul. Should these lines be seen by any companion of his, either in Europe or America, I am sure he will approve all I have said, and join with me in commending the memory of this true hero and modest gentleman to the grateful recollections of his adopted countrymen.

He died at Rock Island, Ill., on the 14th of August, 1884, in the 59th year of his age. He had been ailing for several years, but on the afternoon of that day, feeling somewhat better than usual, he had gone out driving. On his return he undertook to gargle his throat, the seat of a serious trouble, but strangled and died almost instantly. Curiously enough, he had a dread of that particular day of the year, for in the gay life of his youth, while still an officer of the Prussian army, it is said that a wandering fortune-teller had predicted that he would die on the 14th of August. While he was too strong a man to harbor a superstitious dread of any danger, known or unknown, two of his friends, who had heard him mention the prediction, have assured me that he was of late years always troubled at the approach of that day, and much relieved when it was safely past. His body is buried at Davenport, Iowa, on the slopes of the Mississippi River. Peace to his ashes.

BY THE RIVER.

[All the Year Round.]

Only the low wind wailing
Among the leafless trees;
Only the sunset paling;
Only the gray clouds sailing
Before the western breeze.

The girl beside the river,
With strained ear and tired eye,
Nor saw the crimson quiver,
Nor heard the willows shiver,
As the low wind swept by.

For sight and sense were roaming
Across the barren moor;
Oh, was he never coming,
Through the dull Autumn gloaming,
As in the days of yore?

Oh, bright blue eyes that glistened,
Oh, happy blush that rose,
Oh, foolish heart that listened,
To the faithless lips that christened
His love the "wife he chose!"

How oft he turned in leaving
For yet another kiss!
How he soothed the girlish grieving,
And swore that no deceiving
Should ever cloud their bliss!

He left when Summer sunlight
Was full upon the stream;
He made his truth her one light,
And in the Autumn dim light,
She faced her broken dream.

She knew her idol shaken,
She knew her trust was gone,
What hope dead faith can waken?
Betrayed, forgot, forsaken,
The woman stood—alone.

Hushed was the bitter weeping,
As o'er her closed the night;
When dawn on dark was creeping,
The morning breeze was sweeping,
Where broad, and pure, and white,

The lilies swayed to cover
The fair pale face beneath;
Where, pain and passion over,
Freed from a faithless lover,
Sorrow lay hushed in death.

An Old Song in a New Dress.

Old King Cold
Was a lover bold,
And a lover bold was he.
He called to the many rivers, "Hold!
I've a kiss for each of ye."

A kiss of ice
He gave each, twice,
And of kisses two gave he;
And he held them fast by his gay device,
And he laughed right merrily.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A Queer Epitaph.

[Marlboro' (Mass.) Times.]

A Boston gentleman, who has a taste for the collection of old epitaphs, sends us the following quaint specimen:

EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE IN A GRAVEYARD IN PLYMOUTH COUNTY, MASS.

Here lies the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on;
Trying his corns one day to mow off,
His razor slipped and cut his toe off.
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to,
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.

Restoring a Battle Flag.

The event of the 26th ult. at the New Orleans Exposition was the celebration of Connecticut Day and the formal restoration to the original owners of the tattered battle flag captured by the 9th Conn. from the 3d Miss. at Pass Christian, Miss., in 1862. The colors up to the present time have been at the Capitol at Hartford, Conn., but both branches of the Legislature of that State sanctioned their return to the ex-Confederates. The ceremonies were held in Music Hall, which was elaborately decorated for the occasion. On the platform were all the United States and State Commissioners, the lady Commissioners, a number of representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee, the 9th Conn. Veterans, and a host of Federals and ex-Confederates of prominence. The ceremonies were opened by Acting Commissioner of Connecticut S. R. Pickering, who introduced Col. John G. Healey, of the 9th regiment. Col. Healey, in an eloquent address, transferred the flag to Capt. R. Curran, of the 3d Miss. The Chaplain of the latter regiment, the Rev. Thomas R. Markham, delivered an address of acceptance. The Hon. J. J. G. Pitkin, of Louisiana, and the Hon. P. C. Lounsbury, of Connecticut, also made addresses.

SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

STUART'S MOVEMENTS.

Union Wagon Trains Captured Near Washington.

ON TO GETTYSBURG.

The Two Armies Getting Into Position.

BY "CARLETON."
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LX.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

Gen. Ewell was waiting at Williamsport, on the bank of the Potomac, for the approach of Longstreet to Winchester before crossing. His troops were flushed with their success at Winchester, in the capture of a portion of Milroy's command. A courier arrives with an order from Gen. Lee: "March to Harrisburg and take possession of the capitol if possible."

On the morning of June 20 Ewell's troops crossed the Potomac. Jenkins's cavalry, 2,000 in number, led the advance, sweeping down the Cumberland Valley.

Early's Division, after passing through Greencastle, turned east, taking the road to Gettysburg, passing through the town and moving directly for York.

WHAT STUART WAS TO DO.

Stuart's cavalry was to hold the passes in the Blue Ridge so long as the Union army was south of the Potomac; then Stuart was to move north and join Gen. Ewell at York. He was to send word to Lee the moment the Union army moved.

Gen. Stuart had twice ridden round the Army of the Potomac—once on the Peninsula and in Maryland. He wished to do it again. He would make havoc with the supply trains, which he would be sure to find.

Possibly Gen. Stuart may have had a desire to do something as an offset to Brandy Station and the fights between Middleburg and the Blue Ridge, in which the advantage was on the side of the Union cavalry. The Richmond newspapers were publishing scathing articles about the inefficiency of the Confederate cavalry. There is no doubt that Stuart was chagrined and greatly disturbed.

He intended to pass through one of the gaps in the Bull Run Mountains, steer straight for the Potomac, cross it just above Washington, strike due north, and join Ewell at York. He had no doubt of his being able to accomplish it. The distance was not so great as it would be to follow the infantry through the Cumberland Valley. By going east of Hooker's army he could do far more damage than by moving along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge. It was a plan which commended itself to Gen. Lee.

Stuart does not know just where the Union army is located. He starts at 1 o'clock in the morning, June 25, with three brigades—Fitz Lee's, under Col. Munford; W. H. F. Lee's, under Chambliss, and Hampton's. They reach Aldie, but come upon the Second Corps moving toward Leesburg. He opens fire with his artillery, but is quickly driven. He sees that he must disguise his movement. He turns south, passes through the lower gap of the Bull Run Mountains. It is a long way south to Gainesville, then east toward Washington. He rides over the ground where the Sixth Corps camp-fires are still burning. He reaches the Potomac near Drainsville on the evening of the 27th, crossing it on the 28th. He is only 14 miles from Washington. He came upon a long train of wagons, with only a few soldiers guarding it. The drivers, greatly frightened, tried to turn their horses, and fled to the woods. Some of the wagons were overturned, blockading the road. He burned those overturned, but moved on with those captured, nearly 150. Some of the teamsters, cutting their horses loose, escaped to Washington with the startling news. Stuart traveled all night, moving toward Westminster, seizing horses and wagons from the farmers, burning bridges on the railroad leading north from Baltimore and cutting the telegraph wires.

While Stuart is destroying the wagon trains at Rockville, Early is entering York, 100 miles away, at 11 a. m., demanding 165 barrels of flour, 28,000 pounds of bread, 3,500 of sugar, 1,650 of coffee, 300 gallons of molasses, 1,200 pounds of salt, 32,000 of fresh beef, 21,000 of bacon, 2,000 pairs of shoes, 1,000 pairs of socks, 1,000 felt hats, $100,000 in money, to be delivered at the City Hall at 4 o'clock.

Gordon's Brigade moves rapidly on to Wrightsville. The Confederates swing their hats and hurrah when they find themselves on the bank of the Susquehanna. Early intends to cross the river to Columbia over the long wooden bridge, but just as his troops march down to the bridge they behold a great column of smoke rising from the other end. Col. Frick, commanding the militia on the eastern bank, has set it on fire.

HOOKER'S PLANS.

Gen. Hooker thought it useless to keep 10,000 men doing nothing at Harper's Ferry. He asked Gen. Halleck that they might be placed under his control, intending to join them to the Twelfth Corps, under Gen. Slocum, and send the united force to Williamsport and Shepardstown to cut Lee's communications and capture his supply trains. Gen. Halleck did not like Gen. Hooker, and would not consent to have the troops withdrawn from Harper's Ferry. Gen. Halleck had thwarted him many times. Feeling that he was not treated fairly and honorably, he in-